

The SL Arts and Life Magazine

reZ

a p r i l 2 0 1 4

AMForte
an interview with Jami Mills

The Artefact
by Art Blue

The Key to Golden Hills
by Stihly Augenblick/Hitomi Tamatzui

VOYAGE TO SL
BY HARRY BAILEY

Silly Babbit
with Gudman Gausman

poetry/microfiction/and more

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- **Silence in the Night** Our gifted regular contributor, Luna Branwen, presents a stunning, heartfelt poem.
- **The Key to Golden Hills: Jing-Wei** This is the third chapter in the noir classic by Stihly Augenblick and Hitomi Tamatzui, who combine spectacular words and images.
- **Mozart** The works of the master composer heard through the ears of our own demented Crap Mariner.
- **Silly Babbit** Gudrun Gausman tells us a thing or two (or 50,000) about the Easter Bunny and his happy helpers.
- **I Know** our newest contributor to rez, Zymony Guyat, challenges our perceptions of wealth, politics and justice.
- **Voyage to the Center of Second Life** Exploring SL from the eyes of a noob, The Perfect Gentleman, Harry Bailey, takes us back to our humble avatar beginnings.

About the Cover:

Jami Mills captures singer AMForte in concert, captivating her listeners with a mix of covers and her own soulful originals. AMForte opens up to Jami about her roots, her joys and her hopes for the future. Catch her if you can if she's performing in a venue near you.



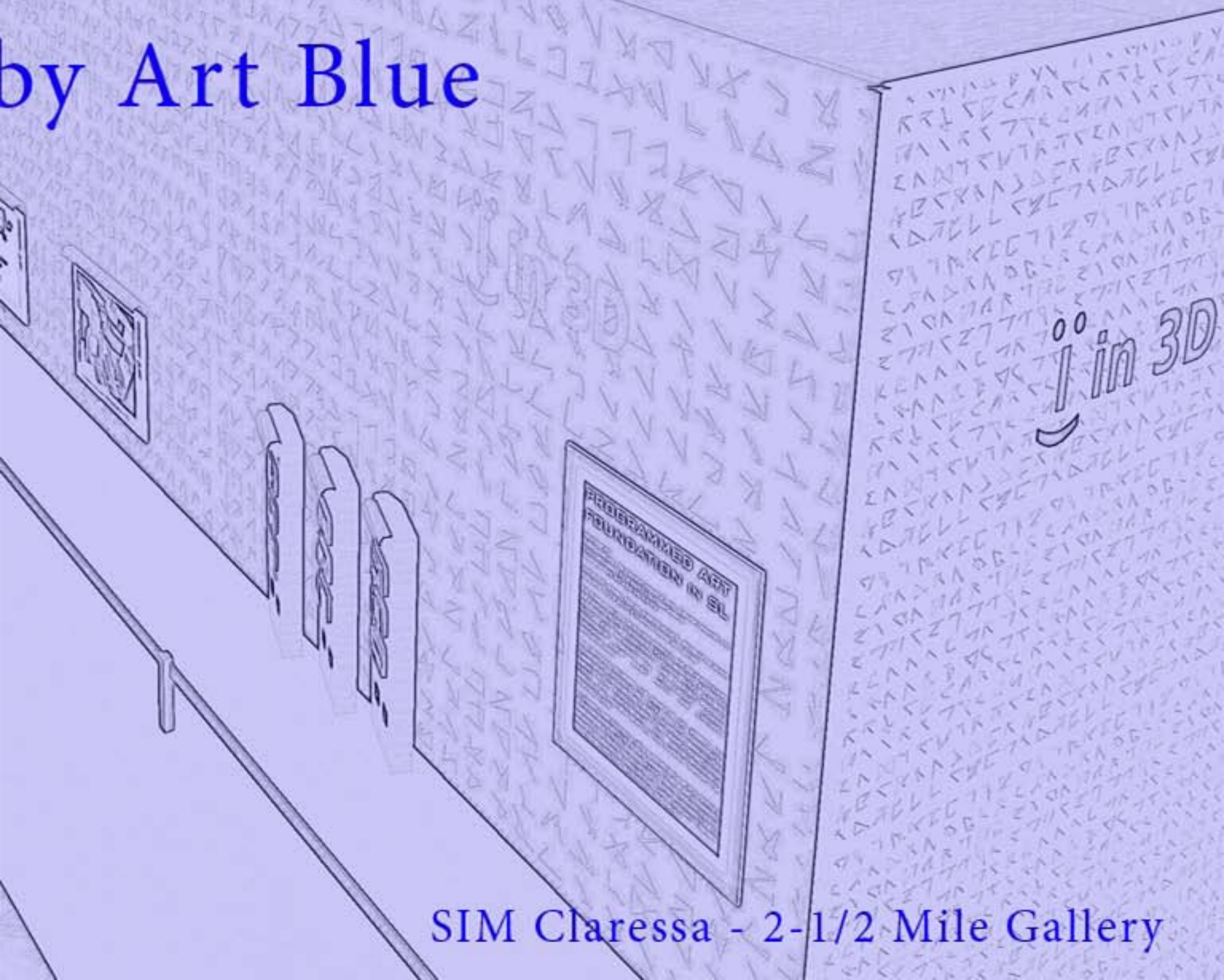


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I A I A

It is done! My Alzheimer's is encapsulated. Prof. Sol is a dab hand. I celebrate triumphs. "The Greatest Digital Artist of All Time" was the headline in the Universal Gazette, with the subtitle, "Dead or Alive, Doesn't Matter – With Alzheimer's, First Prim is Shooting Star." To be able to afford a First Prim, you have to be a millionaire. My agent takes all the money, as I have debts. But this I don't tell anyone.

Artefact in Substance in Art by Art Blue



SIM Claressa - 2-1/2 Mile Gallery

I planned my retrospective by myself and supervised the replica of the longest gallery in the world, the 2-½ mile gallery once created on the land Claressa. It was a piece of cake, as everything was conserved in Bremer Kunsthalle. Only the data format was a bit rusty. But rust is part of my business.

This I noticed as I had some problems in the clinic with my eyes and could only see everything in shades of grey, even using an enhancer, camouflaged as glasses. Why should my guests have it better than I? By no means have I always been into minimalism, so let them follow me back in time to black and white. But I need to move further. I need to face the question of existence. Doing this shall make me immortal. I expect nothing less. I deserve nothing less.

I will let them move back in time, where seconds or even minutes determine whether to buy or not to buy an artwork. There was a time you could buy an avatar for use like a puppet. "To be or not to be." You know this quote? No? Long ago, there have been such questions in the simulator. Ways to breathe life into carbon entities have still been academic. "I think, therefore I am" – does this ring a bell? Also no? But surely you know the famous one, "I shop, therefore I am."

What to do now with all the endless time in the simulator as we are running on femtospeed? No wonder death ceremonies are all the rage. All faked, of course. All that shopping doesn't make one happy. To be able to afford to eat at the best places sounds great but brings no image reward or attraction when you can buy a pill and you're back as slim as before. All the compliments on your flat belly don't really count. More and more see it. After *Burning Man*, burning art, now burning artefacts? Changes are needed and I'm the one to make them happen, for I am First Prim.

I miss the talks on what the artist had in mind, could have had in mind, might have felt or not felt when working on a picture, a screenshot, an installation. A red dot is no longer placed next to a work to show that it has been bought, might be bought, or stays reserved until the end of the exhibition. Finally the payment question. Will there be black money under the table? Of course, you know that the A-system "trust in Art A coin" did not exist in the early days. There have been Lindens, but this coin got worthless. With a simple hack, you can generate as many Lindens as you like, or program a box to take all the Lindens from others. You don't believe me? It's hard to do, but it comes ever harder. There was no guarantee that one gets an original artwork – just a copy that looks similar. Of

course, we talk of all kinds of digital art, even when it's called "oil on canvas." Worlds long gone, but still the memory counts even in us, as we live in hypergrid networks.

I left Alzheimer's behind as the first and only one facing this deadly disease and got reborn. This is my chance. I will stay famous. Famous forever. I can set the rules. My work, my rules. I will use this chance of a lifetime to let the audience learn that art has substance.

mélange comes to my mind. I remember the time I was the scribe of Emperor Shaddam IV. It's easy for me to quote from the books of Arrakis: "In this time, the most precious substance in the universe is the spice melange. The spice extends life. The spice expands consciousness. The spice is vital to space travel."

I'll set the central timer of this world on millisecond intervals. You shake your heads. That's impossible. The pro-

But I need to move further. I need to face the question of existence. Doing this shall make me immortal.

But how I can work something out so it will be remembered over time? Not just a grand opening, a show and then the audience moves on to another chapter.

I know what is needed. You need to suffer to feel substance. Suffering it is. On what will avatars suffer the most? I can feel the solution moving up to me, to my old bones.

I will ... bend time. I will put everything in slow motion. The spice

cessor cycles are usually on femto, and even some Big Blues are on attospeed.

You're right. You can't do this within a world and keep integrity in the system. You have to leave it. But when you come back, aging becomes the problem. Generations have passed. You'll not be able to go on with the changes. Compare it with a Neanderthal entering an airplane and hearing the steward say, "Fasten your seatbelts."

So how do you do it? I won't tell you

now. I'll show you the time machine that Aley made. An artefact. A true one. I'm proud to have it in my collection "for use in all worlds." This is the way of art. I make as many copies as needed and use this machine to let the audience travel in time. Of course, I fake the travel. But it shall be such a good fake that even I believe.

I give them a pill to extend consciousness. A placebo will do it. I color it red for women and blue for men. Or shall I swap the colors? Hmm ... and for cats? Maybe I choose unisex. Then I let a delay routine run inside the placebo when it comes to the show. I produce lag. Brutal, hard, strong lag. Lag you people won't believe. I'll place a board in their hands to press keys, call it *artXploder*. WASD keyboard settings come out of the past into my mind. W=forward, A=left turn ... and so on. Maybe I'll even allow them to fly through the gallery with some arrow-keys or Page-Up and Page-Down, but of course the result happens in slow motion. And if one presses a key five times in a row to move faster, I'll reward this in the good old ways, and let this avi just bump on a wall after letting it shortly pass through it. I can tease them on top and define some crazy weird combinations to zoom like CTRL-ALT-SHIFT, or let them roll their fingers on a ball for steering.

All this is for a reason. I need to erase

all pride in them. I need to read Dante again to tune myself into this project. I'll exhibit *The Seven Sins* at the entrance, made by *ChapTer*, an artist coming from the grid Metropolis. And suddenly, I clearly saw the concept in my mind, as my agent came by for small talk. "A grand opening is a dating event," he says. "Your art is just a sort of grave furniture." My revenge shall be dreadful.

For getting a visitor's ticket for the grand opening, I call "I in ND – it's payday." An avatar has to come just as "an Eye." How all the ladies will protest! No dresses, no make-up, no hair by *EMO-tions*, no nails by *Moondance Boutique*, no eyelashes by *Amacci*, and most fatal: no shoes! *The Eye* design I found in Vulcanicus, a time capsule for digital art. Nanjido Oh gave this away as a freebie. Let's see if anyone remembers ...

So I fibbed with this design and sent out a link by Fixing the Facts: publishing date of *The Eye* is 18.02.1990 in wordpress. Showing such old credits never happened before. The bloggers gasped: "Before the first simulator existed, First Prim made an Eye avatar in 3-D? Impossible! He must be using the time machine for the show! We expect artefacts! We travel back in time! It's payday! Thanks to Alzheimer's." Everyone wants to come.

My agent found a quote by Navah Dreams, creator of *Dreamt Forest*, so another time stamp underlines the story.

“Insane, but true art,” said Navah Dreams, 3D-artist and actor in *European Passages: Inferno*. “We worked so hard to bring Avatars to life and now you kill them.” “No,” I said. “I skip them for awhile and let *The Eye* take place. The reception of the art we make shall not be distracted.”

The Eye substance comes back into art, into Avatarart. No longer do skin, shape, hair and dress make the deal. The substance of the work counts. Well, this is the message of *The Blue Elephant*, written by Sergius Both long, long time ago.

You don't know the story? It's written in an old long forgotten language, as all the languages out of the codes are gone. Some of you may have the license to translate, but it is expensive, since *Google* bought the rights to use languages that aren't native coded in the simulator. Just to print the very first lines is allowed in case it's a matter of historic research. So, I call it research - and not the theft of the idea.

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The Blue Elephant Sergius Both (1997)

A jury meets, it awards a computer graphics prize, but then there are still objections.

Ladies and Gentlemen. What you see now is the prize winning work. Carry Eisfeldt was stunned. This concoction should be the best picture. For this purpose, a panel of experts had met three days, experts of international standing, and now this! Carry knew some of the artists who participated, and there were some great ones among them – of course not to forget himself.

But suddenly someone approaches him and pats him on the back and shakes his hand. "So, you're the lucky one! A great piece of art." A group of people applauds. In the middle of it all, Carry Eisfeldt didn't know what hit him.

For all who are unable to decipher the graphic codes: buy a ticket to get an invitation from my agent, Neo Gurgelwasser, or get the next issue of rez to see *The Blue Elephant*.

photography
jami mills

